CAMPBELL PRESS

VOLUME 33, NUMBER 17 — CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA — TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1929

Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
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Current Comment

The holiday traffic casualties lined up to expectations presenting a very respectable array of accidents of all degrees of seriousness. Every week-end and every holiday contributes its quota to the already swollen total until it has gotten to the point where the average cautious soul is very reluctant to risk his one and only neck on the broad reaches of the King's Highway.

What's the dope? we ask ourselves uncertainly. Is it going to keep on getting no better fast until the wise man will refuse absolutely to venture forth onto the fields of destruction? To begin with, it's not quite as bad as it looks; in fact it's better. A recent survey shows that there are less casualties per car than there were ten years ago. Of course the total number of accidents has increased at a much faster rate. That is an encouraging comparison. It means that traffic regulation is much more effective and that the quality of the drivers is improving.

Speaking of the improvement of drivers, we have touched an extremely pregnant point. There are good drivers and poor drivers. Sunday is an extra hazardous dayto be on the road because, more than the increased amount of traffic, there are hordes and legions of "Sunday drivers" out taking the air. Now a "Sunday driver" is a once-a-week motorist, a hard-working citizen during the week and a motorist on Sunday. He is also known among the initiate as a "local driver.'

The "Sunday driver" or "local driver" in most instances lacks practice; he doesn't drive enough to get good and consequently is a bit uncertain and shaky when the emergencies of the road arise. But all poor drivers are not so because of lack of practice—a lot of them would be a menace to navigation if they drove every day of their lives. They are constitutionally poor drivers through some physical defect, lack of muscular co-ordination, inability to judge distances, or failure to concentrate on the business.

Both types of these gentry are hazards and should be given a wide berth. They can usually be spotted by an observing person from the characteristic symptoms. They are over too far on the left; they will spurt up to pass, misjudge the lay and have to drop back again; they use their horns frequently but not well; they usually pass too far over on the left, cutting back in when there is no need for it; they cut corners; they wobble, etc., etc.

The "local driver" is a necessary evil but one that can be rendered more inocuous. To begin with he could be reduced in numbers by applying a rigorous driving test for the possession of a driver's license. In California, at least, we well know that there is no test worthy of the name. In Australia one of the exercises which the prospective autoist must accomplish successfully is backing his car around among a group of specially located cans without knocking too many of them over. Not a bad idea when we see what often happens to the fenders of our parked car in our absence.

Then above all—Be wary! He who is wariest lives longest. Especially when dealing with "local drivers." The local driver may not be a fast driver, usually he is not, but he is an uncertain quantity. An emergency often finds him wanting, with consequent grief for all his neighbors on the highway. If you are constantly on the alert and alive to every situation as it arises, the chances of your being chopped off prematurely by some wobbly old hack stalled suddenly and inadvertantly in your path by an equally wobbly, nervous and befuddled driver will be materially lessened.

That ain't all.

LOCAL KIWANIANS INSTALL OFFICERS BENNETT PRESIDES

The Kiwanis club at its regular Tuesday luncheon last week installed new officers, with Rev. J. H. Bennett as installing officer.

The new officers are:

Ralph H. Hyde, president; D. H. Cramer, vice president; Ira Abbott, secretary; R. G. Archibald, treasurer; J. E. Wiesendanger, district trustee; H. C. Smith, song leader; T. A. Cutting, editor bulletin; E. R. Kennedy, sergeant at arms.

Following the election the following committees were apointed by the president to serve in 1930: Agriculture—Burrows, Shelley and Kennedy; attendance—Curry, Farley and Kennedy; business standard—"Tac" Cutting, Shelley and F. Cutting; classification—W. Merrill, Ed Merrill and Dempsey; finance—Field, Curry and Ed Merrill; good will and grievance—Bennett, Buell and F. Cutting; house—Archibald, Beall and Burrows; interclub relations—Wiesendanger, W. merrill and "Tac" Cutting; Kiwanis education — Whitman, Abbott and Purmort; law and regulation —Cramer, Morton and Page; membership—Smith, Wiesendanger and Field; music—Page, Morton and Cramer; program—Farley, Archibald, Dempsey; public affairs—Hedegard, Smith and Burrows; publicity—Dempsey, Whitman and Hedegard; reception — Purmort, Beall and Gail; under. priviledged child—Buell, Abbott and Bennett.

Plans for a membership campaign were opened and it is reported that a drive for members will take place soon.

Home Of Mr. And Mrs. W. D. Sturtevant Burns Friday Morn

Friday morning at 4 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sturtevant of Johnson avenue were awakened by the crackling of flames as fire consumed their home. Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant escaped from the structure just as the roof fell in.

Two passing motorists, Clyde Morris, cook in a San Jose restaurant, and Roman Lund, eastern football star, saved a small cottage in the rear of the main building. Two co-eds, Catherine Reedy and Louise Jolly occupied the cottage at the time of the fire.

The Sturtevant home was completely burned, representing a loss of about $5,500, part of which was covered by insurance.

Miss Beatrice Cilker Guest Of Honor At Camp Fire Party

Miss Beatrice Cilker was guest of honor at a Christmas party of the Tuli-Husi group of Camp iFre girls Thursday. The girls planned, cooked and served a dinner at the home of their guardian, Mrs. F. E. Bohnett.

After dinner they all gathered around a beautifully decorated and lighted Christmas tree and gifts were exchanged. The rest of the afternoon was spent in playing games and cards. The girls present were Charlotte Fillmore, Marjorie Mason, Dorothy Dutro, Norma Fammatre, Ruth Hocking, Adeline Amaral, Marion Cilker, Miriam Utter and their guardian.

Party To Celebrate 80th Birthday Of Mrs. Clara E. Page

Mrs. Clara E. Page will be the guest of honor at a New Year's family re-union and reception at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Dano of Los Gatos. The reception is to commemorate Mrs. Page's 80th birthday.

Present will be sons and daughters of Mrs. Page, together with their families, including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page of Hood River, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seagrave of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page and son Royal, Miss Grace E. Page, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Page and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Page, all of Campbell.

When Conscience is Born — *By Albert T. Reid*

REPORT
PLAYED HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL.
GOT ZERO IN DEPORTMENT.
SWIPED COOKIES WITHOUT ASKIN'.
LOST PAPA'S GOLF BALLS.
DIDN'T KEEP YOUR THINGS PICKED UP.
WERE IMPERTINENT TO MAMA.
MADE A FACE AT TEACHER.
DIDN'T WASH YOUR HANDS AND EARS.
PULLED A LITTLE GIRL'S HAIR.
THREW A STONE AT THE CAT.
FORGETS TO SAY "NO, SIR" AND "YES, SIR".
POUTS AND WHIMPERS WHEN TOLD IT IS BED TIME
Albert T. Reid
AUTOCASTER

PRESENT SITE OF HIGH SCHOOL WILL NOT BE LOCALITY OF NEW PLANT, SAYS LETTER TO EDITOR OF THE PRESS

Editor Campbell Press—

We have here in Campbell many problems to solve, among which is the need for better and wider roads west of town in the fifth supervisorial district. The roads in this section are a great deal worse than they were ten years ago. Other districts have forged to the front in the matter of roads—why not the fifth district? In a road program should be included the extension of Campbell avenue to Prospect road, which will give us a connection with the main highways leading to Palo Alto and San Francisco, and will save the farmers west of Saratoga avenue four miles of travel every time they come to Campbell. An additional desirable feature would be the benefit derived by the school transportation system.

Of paramount importance, however, is a new high school plant. Practically everyone is agreed on that point, since the state school department has settled the question of building in the presentsite; that is, they have refused the school board permission to build on that site on the grounds that it is inadequate for the future school development of aCmpbell.

It seems to me it shouldn't be a difficult matter to settle the question of a new site. There is, to my mind, only one location which is suitable when everything is taken into consideration, and the site I have in mind may cost a little more than some other site, but what does it amount to when you are contemplating an investment that will take care of our high school needs for, say, 50 years or more.

A high school built on the unit plan may not at present mean an investment of more than $200,000, but when the plant is complete it may mean an investment of half a million dollars—which is more than likely to occur, judging from the growth of high school attendance in the past 20 years.

Do you really think, then, that there should be any question as to the site? When I suggest the Hagelin site there are those who will think, "Of course Hedegard would advocate that property. He is the one who would derive the benefit from such a location." In self defense may I say that I have already one school adjoining my property, and that it has not perceptibly enchanced the value of my land. On the other hand, suppose the erection of a school on the Hagelin site did raise the value of my land, should that be a good reason why the school should not be built there? Do you not believe that the entire town would benefit in a like manner? In my opinion, it would be a tremendous drawing card for home and orchard investors in the district.

Here is another way to look at it: If you were going to build a seven thousand dollar house, would you put it on the cheapest lot in the poorest location in town? The question requires no answer. Let us lay jealousies aside and work for the best interests of the community.

And now that the state school officials have put the "thumbs down" on the present location, what are we going to do with the old high school and the ground upon which it stands? I believe I am safe in saying that the Orchard City Grange would purchase the annex and sufficient ground to contain it. The high school proper could be used for several years as housing for shops. There is the possibility that the grammar school may purchase it in preparedness for future expansion. There are now 835 pupils in that institution and one class isbeing held in the arcade. It won't be long before a primary department will be required.

What are we waiting for? Ask the high school board.

—S. N. HEDEGARD.

ALUMNI QUINT IS VICTIM OF ST. IGNATIUS TEAM

A crowd of approximately 200 people last night witnessed a good basketball game between the local high school alumni and the St. Ignatius college team, recognized coast champions. The final tally was30-25 in favor o fthe visitors.

During the first few minutes of play the collegians sunk three field goals and two charity throws. Then the local boys made a spurt and tossed two field goals. Long shots. Score at the end of the half, 21-11 in favor of St. Ignatius.

According to the crowd the local lads put up a good battle and displayed a brand of sportsmanship not easily surpassed. St. Ignatius averaged heavier and taller than the Campbell players. Not only were the visitors larger, but they had plenty on the ball.

Reed, Nelson and Eddlemon were high point men on the local team while Maloney and Hale starred for the visitors.

The lineup:

Campbell		St. Ignatius
C. Nelson, 3	F	Maloney, 9
Eddlemon, 4	F	Klechner, 4
Tainter, 2	C	Hale, 8
B. Reed, 4	G	Bareilles, 8
H. Shelley, 2	G	Cameron, 4
M. Nelson, 5	C	Goddy
	F	Smith
Monte	G	Enslen
	G	Olsen
	20	35

Referee, Mac Donald.

The Campbell 130's and unlimiteds this Friday night will play the Palto Alto high teams at Palo Alto. The startng whistle will blow at 7:30 o'clock. The boys need the support of all good fans at this game. Go early to get a seat.

Rebekah Christmas Party Held, San Jose

Ada Rebekah Stitching club met at the home of Mrs. Helen Johnson in San Jose last Friday, Dec. 27. A beautiful Christmas tree bore a gift for each member. The decorations were unique and beautiful. The hostess served delicious retables. A brief business meeting was held, Mrs. Covey, president, presiding. Mrs. Main, secretary-treasurer, read the reports and called the roll. Sixteen members were present.

Mrs. Silberbauer and Mrs. Wehmeyer will entertain the club at I. O. O. F. hall Friday, Jan. 10.

FORESTS IN GREAT DANGER, SAYS G. PINCHOT IN LETTER

"Because the forests of America are in greater danger today than ever before in our history," writes Gifford Pinchot to H. C. Smith, "I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith portions of a brief report which will be made to the Society of American Foresters by Major George P. Ahern and myself at a meeting to be held at Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 30. The following are a few paragraphs from the report:

Forest devastation on privately owned timberlands, where most of the destruction goes on, is among the most serious of all dangers to our future prosperity. We cannot get on without wood.

Forest devastation wastes not only wood, but water too. It ravages our watersheds, and in the northwest squanders the great original forest trees that can never be replaced.

As reported by the United States forest service, the number of forest fires has more than trebled in the last six years, and doubled in the last three years. In 1928 there were 177,000 forest fires.

According to the same official figures, 34,000,000 acres of forest land were burned over in 1928. In 1920 the acreage burned was only one-tenth as much, in 1922 only one-quarter, and only one-half as recently as 1925.

Every 12 months, what with unregulated cutting and uncontrolled fires, an amount of forest land half again as big as the state of Connecticut is devastated and put completely out of production. More than 100,000,000 acres have been ruined already, and the ruining goes on unchecked.

When our own supplies are exhausted there is no region on earth that can supply us, even at excessive prices, with the kinds and amounts of wood upon which our national standard of living is based.

The vast quantities of lumber we need in America we must grow or go without. If we go without, every business, every occupation, every family will suffer, for nothing that we use or eat or wear can be produced, manufactured or transported without the help of wood.

The only way to stop forest devastation is to stop it. The longer it goes on the more it does to the nation harm. We recommend the prompt passage of a law by congress to prevent commercial timberland owners from injuring the public by forest devastation, and require them to keep their timberland growing wood, unless public authority finds it better adapted to some other useful purpose.

This can be done under the Constitution. The Capper bill shows how.

Outside Fire District, Local Home Burns

At 9:30 o'clock this morning the R. R. Gilbert home on Sunnyside avenue burned to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and children had just left to spend the day in Richmond and it is believed that a fire was left under the hot water tank. The tank exploded and was hurled about 500 feet into the air, according to spectators, and came down and penetrated the roof and ceiling of the C. L. Ruddle house on the other side of the street. The dwelling was out of the fire district and was not visited by the local department.

The house was the property of Mrs. Gilbert's father, C. E. Case, and the Gilberts were buying the property from him. House and contents were fortunately fully covered by insurance.

The Ruddle home will require considerable repair work where the tank wrecked the plaster work of the kitchen and dining room.

Mrs. F. R. Anderson, who has been confined to her home for the past week, is recovering nicely from her illness.

POULTRY

HEAT AND LIGHT MEAN MORE EGGS

Maintain Feed Consumption in Sudden Cold Spells.

Heat and light in the hen house mean more eggs when eggs are high in price. And the purpose of both heating and lighting is to keep the laying hen eating as much feed as she can be persuaded to take.

No slump in egg production is likely to accompany a sudden cold snap if the normal feed consumption is maintained, according to the poultry husbandry department of the Ohio State university. One method of controlling the temperature is through insulation of the chicken house. This, however, may nearly double the cost of the structure. Some poultry men are finding that by placing brooder stoves in the laying houses and firing them during the extremely cold weather, they can sufficiently raise the temperature. In case neither insulation nor artificial heat is practicable, the poultry specialists recommend the feeding of small quantities of grain, at frequent intervals during the day.

When artificial lights are used to increase egg production, they should not be used to give more than a total of 14 hours of light a day. Failure to supply lights regularly, or to provide water and feed when the lights go on, also give bad results.

Poultry Tuberculosis Widespread in Spots

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Tuberculosis in poultry flocks has been found much more prevalent than was suspected, and in many counties, especially in some of the North Central states, the disease is present to a greater or less extent in about 70 per cent of the flocks, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Tuberculosis birds show loss of vigor and flesh, lameness, swollen joints, drooping, and general unthriftiness. T. B. in poultry can be definitely diagnosed by a post-mortem or by the tuberculin test given by a veterinarian.

If the disease is discovered in the poultry flock, all diseased birds should be immediately killed and burned, and the remaining fowls over one year old should be marketed. The chicken house should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and moved to clean ground. Lots and runways should be plowed up and seeded to some grain crop, and a new start made on clean ground with young, healthy, vigorous birds of good breeding. Avian tuberculosis is doubly harmful in that it affects swine as well as poultry.

Save for Chicks

It is not too early to plan on saving some of the winter egg money to buy early chicks for the replenishment of the farm flock. Money is frequently saved by placing the order early, and the farmer is sure of obtaining the chicks at the right time. Installment buying helps many a man to obtain useful things. A hundred dollars for chicks may be hard to scrape up next spring. But if $20 can be placed in the chick fund every month it is a great help.

Disappointment Sure

Compounding the ration of the laying hen, particular attention should be paid to the inclusion of the necessary vitamines. Yellow corn and green feeds provide much of vitamine A. Vitamine B is carried in wheat, corn, green feeds, alfalfa meal, alfalfa leaf flour and others. Vitamine D, or its equivalent, is supplied by making use of direct sunshine or by resorting to cod liver oil, the latter being an outstanding source of this most essential substance.

POULTRY HINTS

The Bronze and White Holland breeds are popular.

• • •

Crowding at the feed hopper stunts the growth of chicks.

• • •

Lameness is one of the first symptoms of tuberculosis in poultry.

• • •

Keep the nonlayers out of the flock by culling out birds with yellow beaks and shanks.

• • •

Arranging roosts that they can be raised will give greater access to the droppings boards for cleaning.

• • •

If the hens are kept indoors throughout the winter, they should be given cod liver oil as a substitute for sunshine.

• • •

The majority of poultry buyers are now refusing to buy any poultry that is diseased or which is not in condition to be put in fattening pens.

• • •

Much of the recent experimental work shows a benefit in the health of the hens, and especially on the hatchability of the eggs, if the birds have free range all winter.

• • •

Crowed houses cause many good birds to become pale faced and later join the cull class.

• • •

Pullets should be placed in the laying house when they show signs of being nearly ready to lay. The comb and wattles begin to enlarge and take on a bright red color.

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—3—

"I have no concern with Captain Collishawe," he returned, and walked away, heedless of her protest.

The Badger rounded to under the True Bounty's quarter. Collishawe hung in the stay'd mizzen-rigging, a tall, lean man, of about Fellowes' age, handsomely uniformed, his half-boots polished, his blue coat fitting trimly. His manner was haughty as he hailed:

"Ahoy! What ship's that?"

"True Bounty, Cap'n Chater, from Lisbon for New York, with wine and lemons," answered Chater.

"I'll send a boat aboard you," snapped Collishawe. "Have your papers ready."

He turned to give some order, and Miss Inglepin ran to the True Bounty's side, waving her mantilla.

"Oh, James," she cried. "Haven't you a word for me? 'Tis unmannerly, sir."

He swung around. The sternness melted from his features.

"Cara! What rare good fortune! I'll come aboard, myself."

The Badger's boat swung overside and rowed smartly across the gap of choppy water separating the vessels. Collishawe leaped from its gunwale to the rope-ladder Chater had ordered rigged for him, ascending its rungs as lightly as a monkey and vaulted to the merchantman's deck with hands outstretched to Cara. Their voices, friendly, excited, clamoring together, exasperated Fellowes unreasonably. He tried not to listen to them, but he couldn't very well help himself.

"—dispatches on the eve of our sailing," she was saying. "'Twas reported the Grand army evacuated Moscow in October, and was torn to pieces in the retreat. Napoleon, himself, barely escaped."

"Great news," applauded Collishawe. "And the Peninsula?"

"Lord Wellington carries all before him. Soult is on the defensive. Your people are certain they will drive him over the Pyrenees before autumn."

"Excellent! An uphill struggle, b'gad, but the French are nigh finished. With the Russians on their backs—"

"But have you news for us?" she interrupted eagerly. "Have you heard of my father?"

He laughed on a keen, boyish note that Fellowes found ingratiating.

"We hear from our friends. Your father does well, but is roundly abused. Your uncle diverts himself fitting out privateers against us." His face clouded. "The Yankees have tricked us once more with those razees of theirs. Our Java struck to the Constitution in a fight off the Brazils. 'Tis said the Constitution refused to close, and hammered the Java with her long guns. I hold we are but discovering captains grown soft from fighting the French."

Chater fawned assent; but Cara Inglepin replied spiritedly:

"No, James, you are wrong, and you do your own country no honor thereby, since we Americans are but Englishmen transplanted to another land and toying with another government."

He laughed once more at that.

"'Toying with another government.' You have a trick of language, Cara. 'Tis so. They are for re-electing this idiot President of theirs, while those of your father's opinion labor to supply our wants—and remedy the sores that run at home. But their eyes will be opened an n Admiral Cockburn has proclaimed a blockade of their whole coast, and with Napoleon tottering we shall soon have sufficient troops in Canada to brush aside their militia levies, sweep down the Hudson and take New York."

"Aye, aye, Cap'n Collishawe, that's how it shall be," Chater cried servilely. "And if ye'll suffer me to attend ye to the cabin, we'll tell ye summut of interest along that line."

Cara seconded the invitation.

"Yes, yes, James, do let me give you a dish of tea. We've so much to discuss. I had vast success in Lisbon. There were friends bade me fetch messages to you, and my father will wish to know how the Admiral esteems our purposes. So come below, James, and meanwhile Captain Chater shall give orders to break out a barrel of port for you—yes, Captain Chater, and a tierce of lemons to ward against the scurvy."

Collishawe bowed his appreciation.

"Always thoughtful, Cara! Ah, I'll be grateful when this cursed war is ended, and I may call on you again in Broadway, and smoke my pipe in the garden under the tulip trees.

Her answering smile, as he ushered her into the cabin, was a dagger of jealousy in Fellowes' heart. Raging silently, the Long Islander didn't hear Chater's hail until it had been repeated.

"Fellowes! Ahoy, Mr. Fellowes! Ye heard Miss Cara's orders? Well, see to 'em. The port ye can take from the cabin's stores—I'll send the key."

For the next quarter hour Fellowes was busy, slinging the keg of port overside, and breaking out the lemons from beneath the for'ard hatch. When the task had been concluded he walked aft, entering the cabin companionway without knocking, as was his custom. At the end of the passage was the main cabin, a spacious apartment, with a long table thwartwise of the ship, about which sat Miss Inglepin, Collishawe and Chater, their heads bent over a small heap of papers. Fellowes could distinguish several documents which bore official seals.

"The Admiral should be off the Delaware capes," Collishawe was saying. "But we'll pass on the word to him."

"We must have time to consult our New England friends," interposed Miss Inglepin.

"Aye, aye, 'tis no matter to be hasted," agreed Chater. And raising his head, perceived Fellows in the companionway. "Well, naow, what will it be, Mr. Fellowes?"

"The cabin stores key."

"Oh!" Chater cracked his fingerknuckles abstractedly, peering from his mate to the Badger's captain. "Well, jest hang it on the hook there. That'll be all, Mr. Fellowes."

Miss Inglepin looked away as Fellowes strode across the narrow floor, but Collishawe eyed him alertly.

"I've seen you in New York, haven't I?" Collishawe asked Fellowes, who replied, with a shrug:

"Very likely, Captain. I remember having seen you."

"Ah! Be so good as to shut the companionway door after you."

Fellowes tramped out. What were they up to in the cabin? He recalled Cara's conversation with Wellington. Was the True Bounty a medium for conveying intelligence of treasonable plots to the enemy?

Against the evidence accusatory he balanced his conviction of Cara's essential honesty, and not least, her fervid plea the night before. And he mustn't let jealousy of another man dye his opinions, he realized.

Perhaps half an hour passed, when the cabin door banged open, and Collishawe stepped out, Chater at his heels.

"Very good, Captain," the Englishman said in response to a remark Fellowes missed. "Please tell Miss Cara I'm sorry she was obliged to leave us. And I shall have to ask you to muster your crew. Very strict orders, y' know. 'Admiral instructs me to seize every British subject in enemy vessels."

"Well, naow, sir, just ye cast your eye over the men," whinnied Chater. "Good, honest Federalists, every man jack of 'em, New Englanders, except a couple of lads out of Long Island."

"What about your officers?" Collishawe spun on his heel, and looked straight at Fellowes. "You, sirrah! I told you in the cabin I had seen you before. Your name is Fellowes, ain't it?"

"Yes, Captain," Fellowes answered quietly.

"Born in London, weren't you?"

"My father was—"

"Born in London?"

"My parents were in London because—"

"Went to Eton, eh?"

"Yes, but I don't see—"

Collishawe strode over to the gangway.

"A couple of you men up here," he called down to his boat's crew. And then over his shoulder to Chater: "I'll have to press this man. British-born, and not of the type we can encourage in disloyalty."

"But I am an American citizen," Fellowes protested. "My father was consul—"

Collishawe ignored him:

"Bundle this fellow overside," he directed the two bluejackets who had swarmed the gangway.

The bluejackets had seized Fellowes by either arm, and he tried to wrench out of their grip.

"Captain," he appealed to Chater, "you'll never submit to this! It's barefaced kidnaping."

Chater cracked his knuckles loudly, his sly twinkle belying the mournful droop assumed by his nutcracker features.

"Doan't, for mercy's sake, go and fight, Fellowes," he begged. "'Twon't do ye no good." He addressed Collishawe direct: "I calc'late ye kind of misunderstand, Captain. I've knaowed Fellowes for years. His father was in London—"

"Immaterial to me what fetched his father to London," snapped Collishawe. "He's British-born. Get on with him, men."

Fellowes began to struggle, but the two husky bluejackets pinioned his hands behind his back. One of them snatched a loose coil of rope from the deck, and slipped a loop around his waist.

"Over with ye, me 'earty," he said cheerfully, and gave Fellowes a shove.

The Long Islander tumbled out the gangway, and skillfully checked by his captors above, was lowered like a meal sack into the waiting quarter-boat, heaving on the swell under the True Bounty's lee.

A little stunned by his bumping descent Fellowes lay where he had fallen while Collishawe dropped nimbly over the sternsheets. The True Bounty had way on her, and was already sliding through the water; but Fellowes had a brief glimpse of the duenna's face, very white and worn. That is, he thought it was the duenna he saw, for the first time since putting out over Tagus bar, but he decided he must have lost his senses, for the face at the port said distinctly, with a thick tongue:

"Arrah, holy saints, they've stole the poor lad clane away!"

Fellowes was dumfounded, dazed by the suddenness of the injustice which had overtaken him. A whip was lowered from the yardarm of the Badger and he was slung through the air as casually as so much merchandise. Collishawe, who followed him by way of the Jacob's ladder, was equally casual in manner.

"Slack off this man's bonds. Mr. Curry—" to an officer, who had a spy-glass under his arm—"have that

"The Dog," Croaked Fellowes, "I'll Kill Him—"

quarterboat hauled aboard, and make sail for our station. Bosun! Clinch! Where's Clinch?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" A stalwart, battered sailor, with a jabbed scar across one cheek, rolled up, tugging at his forelock.

"Have this man mustered in—able seaman—draw clothing for him."

But Fellowes turned desperately to Collishawe.

"Look here, Captain," he exclaimed, "you've made a mistake. I'm not a British subject—"

"Born in London, weren't you?"

"Yes, but my father and mother were both American citizens. My father was our consul.

"Humph! Don't think that lets you off. However—Humph! Got your press protection?"

"Press protection?" Fellowes repeated thickly. "No! Why should I carry one? I'm an American citizen, I tell you—and no common sailor into the bargain. I hold master's papers."

Collishawe eyed him coldly.

"'Makes it worse for you. A native-born Englishman shipping with the enemy! 'Might be excusable if you were an ignorant fellow, 'didn't know any better. Humph! Some captains would flog you on general principles."

A red mist swirled in front of Fellowe's eyes.

"If I'd had a weapon, you wouldn't have taken me," he snarled. "You trapped me, didn't you? That cur Chater put you up to it—he was afraid I understood his plotting."

"That will do. Another word, and you'll go in irons."

Something exploded in Fellowes' brain. It wasn't only Chater who had betrayed him. Cara— He choked.

"If you don't like words, try this," he gasped, and his fist shot up to Collishawe's jaw.

The Englishman pitched backward, long limbs asprawl, as Clinch and half a dozen more bluejackets closed in on Fellowes. Something like a grunt went up from the awestruck crew of the Badger. Collishawe lurched on to his feet. There was a puzzled look in the eyes of the Badger's captain, an expression almost of uncertainty.

"Easy with him," he directed Clinch. "Don't maul him. Here! Stand him up." And as Fellowes was dragged erect cursing and fighting with all his strength: "Why on earth did you do that, man? 'Tis mutiny to strike your officer."

"You know why! 'Crimpin'' Collishawe, that's what they call you! You didn't even press me like an honest Englishman. No, you crimped me like any lick-spittle, pot-house shipping-agent. To clear the road for yourself!"

Collishawe met Fellowes' glance squarely, and so they fronted one another for several breaths.

"I should have liked to ignore your offense," Collishawe said finally. "You seem to labor under a misapprehension—"

"Oh, no," mocked Fellowes. "I know what you're up to—trying to cover the tracks of a pair of traitors."

Collishawe's hands clinched tightly. "You misapprehend me," he repeated. "I regret I cannot— But discipline must be maintained. Clinch, this man is to have fifty lashes—at once."

Fellowes went limp in his captors' grasp. A clammy sweat dewed his face, sweat brewed by a volcanic gust of hate that rocked him to the soul. His eyes glittered insanely. His voice came hoarsely:

"I'll kill you. Wherever you go, however long it takes me to run you down. I'll kill you, Collishawe."

"Give him an hundred lashes, Clinch," Collishawe answered bleakly.

He turned and strode aft, ignoring Fellowes' silent resumption of the struggle with Clinch's assistants.

"Easy all, lad," admonished the bosun. "If the cap'n doubles your ration again ye ain't likely to worrit much over your troubles. A 'undred lashes is fair nasty. But call yerself lucky at that. Yer the first man I ever seed strike an orf'cer, and live."

"The dog," croaked Fellowes, "I'll kill him—"

"Oh, no, ye won't me lad! Not arfter a 'undred lashes. Now, then, what's the use o' fightin' us? We're only adoin' our djooty. 'Ere, strip 'im, a couple of ye."

It occurred to Fellowes, as the rough hands of the sailors pawed his garments, that to continue resistance must only add further to his indignities. Whatever he did, his punishment would be administered. He must suffer. Very well, he'd suffer silently. Better so. He'd not squander in idle resistance the energy which should feed the fires of hatred burning now in his heart with a high, relentless flame. Hate! He'd hate so long as life pulsed in him. He'd hate unswervingly, consumingly, with all the power of his spirit, each one of this group who had brought him to this pass—Collishawe, Chater, Cara Inglepin and the father who had begotten her. He'd spend his life, his money, his strength, in revenging himself upon them, one and all. But most of all upon her!

Something welled up in his throat, and he felt a stinging in his eyes.

"Cryin' eh?" Clinch rumbled in his ear. "All right, lad. Let 'er drip. I've seen stouter men aweepin' like babies under the cat."

Fellowes shook the tears from his eyelids.

"The Englishman doesn't live can make me cry," he answered grimly. "Get on with your—duty, you called it? I shan't resist you."

"That's the proper spirit! 'Ere ye are, now—'ands over yer 'ead—and a turn 'round the wrists. 'Urt ye? It hadn't oughter be tight—ye'll wiggle main 'ard when Kitty starts to kiss ye, lad."

The red mist, with the salty moisture, had cleared from Fellowes' eyes. He was conscious of weariness, mental and physical; yet his body had acquired a peculiar lightness. Around him on the deck grouped scores of sailors, an inhuman similarity in the ring of tanned faces and muscular bodies, all wearing the identical blue uniform. His watchers might have been hewed from a single pattern—except for two, who stood together a short distance for'ard of the mast. He observed this pair particularly because one of them was a negro, a giant of a man. The negro's companion was equally ugly, very short, monstrously broad, with comical, bowed legs and long, apelike arms.

Of all those on the Badger's deck this pair were the most brutal in appearance, ostensibly the most debased; but in some unexplainable way they imparted to him a message of sympathy. Their eyes signaled encouragement in his ordeal, and he felt mysteriously heartened. He saw, without trembling, Clinch striding aft, stripped to the waist like himself, in one gnarled fist a short stock of wood, from which depended nine knotty chunks of brownish rope. He saw the officer of the deck, Mr. Curry, move nearer, aversion plain in his testy attitude. Then, out of the tail of his eye, he saw Clinch step back, with a loud: "Ready, lad! This is the count, sir—One!"

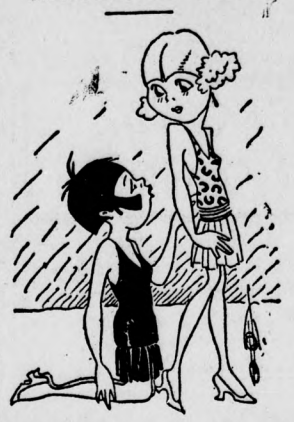
To save himself, he could not help flinching from the nine simultaneous bites of the cat. He strained in toward the mast, arching up on his toes, and as he raised himself to the limit of his height he saw outboard above the bulwarks the True Bounty bearing away on the opposite tack, one superb tower of canvas leaning to the pressure of the wind. Then he had sunk back upon the balls of his feet, and Clinch's crisp "Two" preceded the whistle of the lashes cutting into welts the first blow had raised, but this time he managed to keep from flinching. God, how he hated her!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dangerous Reptile

The bite of the gila monster is exceedingly poisonous, the venom glands, unlike snakes, being in the lower jaw. These and closely related lizards are believed to be the only poisonous lizards. The gila monster receives its name from the Gila river in Arizona.

REASON FOR LOVE



"Ted says he loves the very ground I stand on."

"Why wouldn't he? Wasn't your dad offered $1,000 a foot for it?"

WHY SO CALLED

Wife—Why do they call the street cleaners white wings?

Hubby—Because they're like angels. Haven't you noticed that their visits to our street are few and far between?

EVEN SPLIT

He—You're getting thinner every day.

She—Well, you keep getting thicker every day, so it averages O. K.

SPEAKING OF FIGURES

"Why do I see you walking so much lately, Fred?"

"I'm reducing."

"So you're reducing, eh? Tell me, what are you reducing?"

JUST TO GET THERE

"What do you walk so much for, Jim?"

"To get to the places I want to go to, Bob."

A GOOD GOLFER

"Is he a good golfer?"

"Oh, yes—always goes to church before he plays his Sunday game."

LIVE STOCK

BEEF CATTLE ARE FEWER ON FARMS

Increase Seen as Prices for Meat Are Higher.

The beginning of this year found fewer beef cattle on farms and ranges in the United States than at any previous time for half a century. There were then only about 24,000,000 head in the country. Under the influence of higher prices for beef, the number is now beginning to increase, according to figures collected by C. R. Arnold of the rural economics department of the Ohio State university.

In summarizing the history of the beef cycle in the United States Arnold has found that in 1895 more than 40,000,000 beef cattle were on the farms and ranges of the country. This number declined to about 33,000,000 animals in 1904, and then started up again under the influence of strengthening prices. By 1907 the number had again risen to about 38,000,000 head. Low prices again caused a drop to about 27,000,000 head in 1914. War demands raised prices and the herds increased to a total of about 36,000,000 head in 1919. Sudden cessation of the war-time demand dropped the price, and numbers and prices declined together until they were exceptionally low from 1920 to 1926.

The beef cattle cycle extends over a long period of years, Arnold points out, because the number of cattle cannot be increased as rapidly as the number of hogs or sheep.

"It seems evident that we will have a larger number of cattle within the next few years, but it seems doubtful that we can expect low prices for beef cattle for at least two or three years, because the number which we have at the present time on ranges is so exceptionally low," says Arnold.

All Barns Need Plenty of Air and Sunlight

All barns should have an abundance of ventilation, sunlight and drainage. Beware of drainage toward or into the barn or yards from premises previously occupied by diseased animals of any kind. Old barns are more apt to be troublesome. Basement barns, particularly if built years ago, are likely to have floors at a level below that of the outside ground levels. This is dangerous, as it keeps such barns damp and full of bad air. Basements require a larger amount of drainage and ventilation than barns built wholly above ground and on high ground, with ample natural drainage of the surroundings. A low basement barn may easily drain an area of two or three hundred feet around it.

Pigs for Breeding

Pigs that are to be kept for the breeding herd should be fed so they will develop good size and strong bone. A good mixture to feed where milk is available is 50 per cent corn and 50 per cent standard middlings plus 1.5 pounds of skim milk or buttermilk to each pound of feed. Where milk is not available the following mixture may be fed: corn, 40 per cent; ground oats, 30 per cent; standard middlings, 20 per cent, and linseed oilmeal 5 per cent.

Ewes Need Care

If you like a good many twins in your lamb crop see that your ewes are gaining flesh at the breeding season—do this in your own way. But one good way is to change them onto a fresh pasture where grass is abundant ten days before you turn in the ram. If you do not have good fresh pasture, some oats and bran will do the work for you. Of course you will carefully drench them if there is a possible chance they carry any internal parasites.

LIVE STOCK HINTS

Feed only what the animals will clean up.

* * *

Avoid extremes in the condition of breeding stock.

* * *

By following the plan of creep feeding, lambs may be marketed earlier at a higher price.

* * *

Avoid digestive and intestinal troubles in winter by using well-cured green-cut roughage and succulents.

* * *

If the lambs are to be born strong and vigorous, a moderate amount of exercise is necessary for the ewes during the winter.

* * *

Experiments at the University of Illinois have proved ear corn ensilage to be an economical and profitable feed for beef cattle.

* * *

From every angle in the cattle production business, a good sire is a necessity and a good cow herd is a great help in the production of beef that will return a profit.

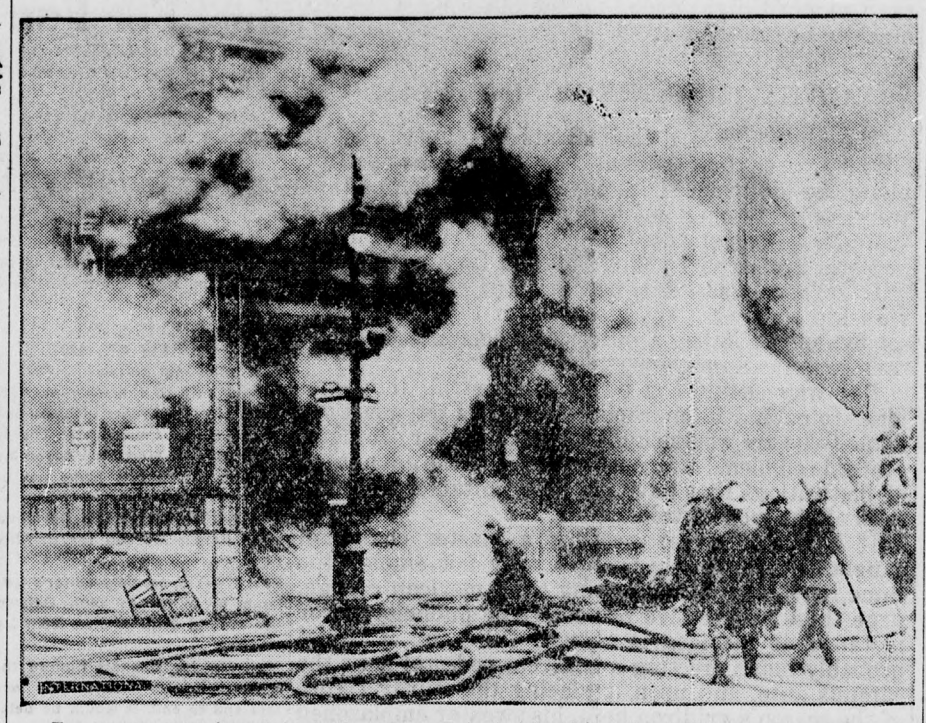
* * *

If fleeces are allowed to become soaked with rain or wet snow, colds and pneumonia will surely result. Dry snow, on the other hand, has no ill effect, as the ewes readily shake it off.

* * *

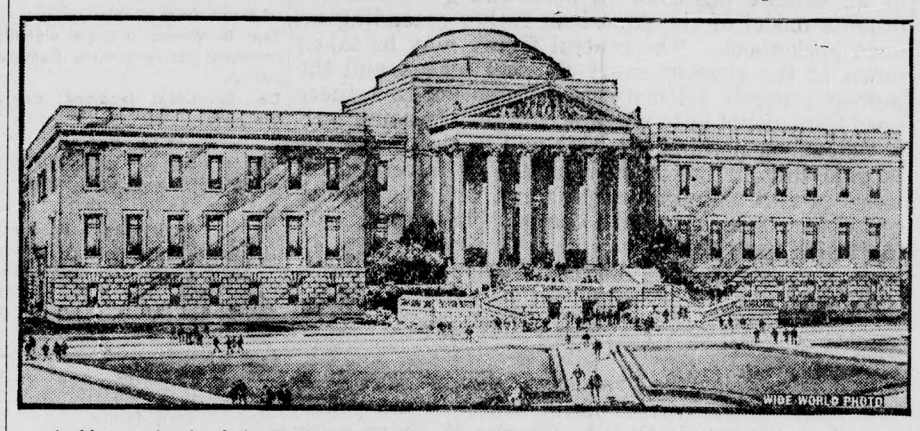
If a pig has to wait for the corn crop to ripen before he receives sufficient feed for rapid growth, profits are greatly reduced because the most profitable pig is usually the one that reaches market weight in the shortest time.

Movie Studio Fire in Which Ten Perished



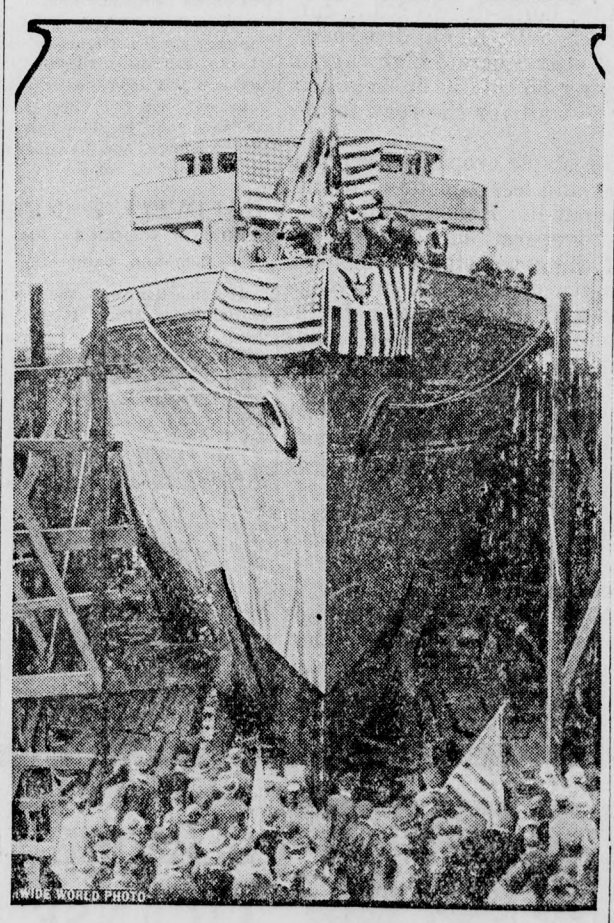
Ten persons were burned to death and others badly injured in a fire that destroyed a movie studio in New York. This picture of the conflagration was sent by telephoto.

Franklin Memorial Museum in Philadelphia



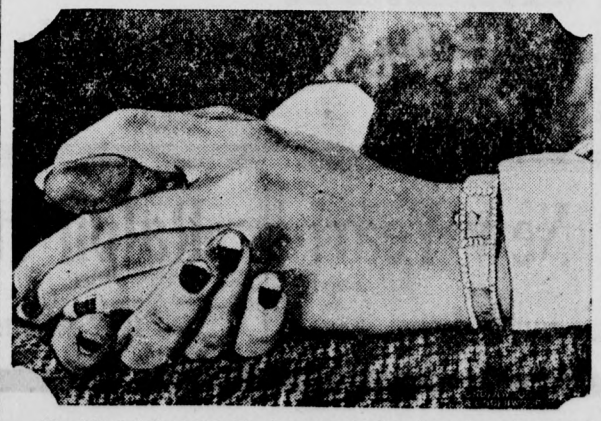
Architect's sketch of the Benjamin Franklin Memorial and Franklin Institute museum now under construction on the Parkway, Philadelphia. The ultimate cost of the project is put at $20,000,000.

Electric Cutter for Coast Guard



The Itasca, first of four electric cutters for the coast guard, taking the water at Oakland, Calif., where it was built.

Fingernails Painted Red and White



The latest fad among smart women in New York is to have their fingernails painted dark red and white. The striking effect is seen in this photograph.

HOOVER MEDAL

First photograph of the Presidential medal commemorating the administration of Herbert Hoover, which has just been cast by the United States mint at Philadelphia. The medals are now available for purchase by the public.

NEW SENATOR

Patrick Sullivan, the Republican national committeeman from Wyoming, who was appointed by Gov. Frank C. Emerson to succeed the late Francis E. Warren. Sullivan will serve until a successor is chosen by a special election.

Lucky Boy

The ideal husband is one who never goes around with sore shins as a result of frequent kicks under the table.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Chance

The height of optimism: serving a summons and waiting for a up.—Farm and Fireside.

Vessels May Be Older Than St. Patrick's Time

An interesting archeological discovery was made by men clearing an old ditch at Mornington, county Louth, Ireland, a village at the mouth of the Boyne.

Mornington is connected by tradition with St. Patrick, who in 432, after unsuccessful efforts to effect a landing in other parts of Ireland, entered the Boyne there and ran his vessel into what was then known as the harbor at Colpa, now called Colp.

In a ditch into which within living memory the Boyne used to flow, forming a natural harbor, workmen unearthed the timbers of several oaken vessels lying at an angle to the stream and apparently of great age. The length of the vessels cannot be ascertained until after further excavations.

The fact that sandy soil will preserve oak for thousands of years opens up the possibility that the vessels may be even older than St. Patrick's time. Steps have been taken to protect them until they have been seen by an archeological expert.

Dr. Barnardo Homes Busy

Called "the largest family in the world," the Doctor Barnardo's homes, a charitable organizaton in Great Britain for children and young people, now has more than 8,000 in the homes throughout the empire. An average of five are being admitted daily, and 18,063 cases were handled last year.

He'd Be a Zero

"What is your objection to having a husband and wife on the same jury?" asked the judge.

"It's just the same as having a jury of only eleven members, your honor," replied the lawyer for the defense.

Forbidden Fruit

Dame Plainsmith—Don't you think it horrid of the selectmen to forbid a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?

Dame Fish—It's all right. Now that it's against the law the men will slip us many a contraband kiss.

Service and Success

"Nine-tenths of my success," says Albert Kahn, skyscraper builder, in the American Magazine, "has come because I listened to what people said they wanted and gave it to them."

Added Interest

"Van Sponger claims to have a great following."

"Well, I think he must have—he owes everybody." — New Bedford Standard.

Sugar for Candy

A pinch of cornstarch or flour mixed into the sugar when making candy will usually prevent curdling. The acid in the brown sugar is responsible for the curdling.

Cities' Many Bridges

In its course of seven miles through the city of Paris the Seine is crossed by thirty-two bridges. In London there are twenty bridges across the Thames.

Has Many Meanings

While it may not have the most varied meanings, the word "set" ranks among words with many meanings and uses.

For All the World

"Sportsmanship," says Charlie Paddock, in the American Magazine, "knows no nationality. It is to be found wherever men play together."

Don't Be Disfigured.
Keep Cole's Carbolisalve in the house. It stops pain from burn or cut quickly and heals without scars. At all good druggists, 30c and 60c, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Woolworth Fan

"So Halloran has two cars now?"

"Yes, he couldn't get his accessories all on one."—Christian Evangelist.

Wet Wood

The moisture evaporated from a single white oak in a day has been estimated to be 150 gallons of water.

Worth Remembering

If you do nothing when you are angry you will have less to undo afterward.—Capper's Weekly.

Scientists have estimated that beginnings of our present large deep oceans occurred about 300,000,000 years ago.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Almost any young man can afford to marry—if the girl has enough money for two.

A politician is a man who has acquired the art of earning a living without earning it.

Sorrow is knowledge.—Byron.

SLEEPLESSNESS
Successfully Fought in this Scientific Way
When a thousand different thoughts keep you from falling into peaceful sleep—REMEMBER KOENIG'S NERVINE. Contains no habit forming drugs. For years a household by-word of proven benefit in the treatment of Nervousness; Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.
AT ALL DRUG STORES
Generous FREE Sample Bottle Sent on Request
Koenig Medicine Co.
Dept. 34
1045 No. Wells St.
Chicago, Ill.
Formerly "Pastor Koenig's Nervine"

KOENIG'S NERVINE

LATEST & BEST CYCLE-O A live, snappy, fascinating game. Everybody plays it. Now you can have a real party. Regular $1.00 seller. Special 30 day offer, 25c a deck, post paid. Address: CYCLE-O CO., 516½ So. 4th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Become a Herbalist. Correspondence course teaching value of herbs. Tells how to combine and use them. Write **Dominion Herbal College, 18 W. Hastings, Vancouver, Canada.**

HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh
A Healing Antiseptic
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Camera Finishes Picture

Invented by a blind man, a camera which takes pictures and makes prints at practically the same time, has appeared in London. It has two lenses, one being the ordinary camera "eye," and the other admitting only ultraviolet rays. Films and paper are inserted together, and whenever the shutter is opened a secret "gas" is released from a small cylinder to develop, fix and print the exposures. When the spool is removed the photographs are unwound at the same time.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

The New Spirit

The Viscountess Astor, at a dinner in New York, said of the rising generation:

"The rising generation criticizes its parents—justly, too, but then it criticizes everything, and I confess that I don't like that irreverent spirit.

"'The Lord,' a Sunday school teacher said to a little boy the other day—'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

"The little boy sneered.

"'Rats!' he said. 'Who doesn't?'"

Mechanical Violin

Said to play with an uncanny human touch, a mechanical violin has been invented by two engineers in France. It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left hand of a player, and a revolving bow which permits different degrees of pressure. The violin is driven by two motors. One takes the place of the player's arm and the other imparts the swift movements of the wrist.

Puzzled

Los Angeles is all hopped up over the boy who is too smart to go to school, but here is another lad who apparently is not so dull.

"You know," said his mother, "Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden."

"But, Mother, who was their chauffeur?" asked the lad.

Baseness in Self Pity

Self pity is a most degrading habit. There is no sense in staging a funeral over a failure. Life's greatest lesson is learned when we honestly acknowledge our faults as we make them. Then we will blame ourselves and give our pity to others.—Grit.

Rubber Dust Causes Skidding

Rubber dust is blamed for skidding in dry weather by an official of a British automobile club who has conducted tests in an effort to determine the cause.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

We like a grouchy man if he's witty; but that, he has to be.

STOP THAT COUGH
the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take
HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness.
30c at all druggists
Use Pike's Toothache Drops.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 52--1929.

Within the Reach of All
CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use Cuticura Preparations every day. The Soap cleanses, the Ointment heals and the Talcum imparts a pleasing fragrance.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B7, Malden, Mass.

THE CAMPBELL PRESS
Published Every Tuesday at Campbell, California by
HARRY C. SMITH
Edited and Managed by
RICHARD H. KNAPPEN

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 30, 1904, AT THE POSTOFFICE AT CAMPBELL, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate Per Year in Advance $1.50
Advertising Rates ..... On Application

MEMBER CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

SHARING IN NATIONAL PROSPERITY

With their faces turned toward the west, thousands of Europeans look forward to the time when they may be permitted to come to the shores of America. To them it is the land of freedom and prosperity. It is their ultimate ambition to live as we live. The comforts and conveniences that we take as a matter of course seem to them like the richest kind of luxuries. They wish to share in our national prosperity.

Because we have grown accustomed to our privileges, perhaps, we fail to appreciate how fortunate we are to be living in America today in the midst of the greatest prosperity in the history of mankind. And yet, the division of this national prosperity is not equal—all individuals and communities are not sharing alike. Why?

Personal success and community prosperity are largely the result of work. Prosperity may be compared to a load of grain being hauled to its destination by human labor. Some are "putting their shoulders to the wheel," some are walking along doing nothing, and some insist on riding. To share in this prosperity, both individuals and communities must put forth a well directed effort—they must work for their portion. No substitute has been found for work.

Do we of Campbell deserve to share in the national prosperity? In this week's community development campaign this matter is fully discussed. Here will be found the facts and figures that are the evidence of individual, family and community prosperity. Here is the material that will familiarize us with our relative position in regard to other individuals and communities, here the facts that should spur us on to greater effort. The parade of prosperity is ever marching onward, and to be in the front ranks of this parade we must deserve the position. For both our individual welfare and for the welfare of Campbell we must work for our share of national prosperity.

DEVELOPING LOCAL FARM MARKETS

All the schemes for federal farm relief are primarily directed toward the production and marketing of commodities which figure in interstate commerce. This leaves out of range great groups of general farmers who depend upon local markets. Only when their products are staples for which prices are established by national and international markets does the benefit of general schemes of governmental aid reach them.

Yankee farmers are solving this problem for themselves. The six New England states, producing at best less food than they consume, have set up a bar against competition from outside while at the same time raising their own standards and getting better prices. Under the guidance of the agriculture committee of the New England council standards for first quality farm products have been established by law in all four of the states in the group. Eggs, poultry, fresh vegetables and fruits conforming to these standards are entitled to be stamped with the official "New England Quality" label. In the course of five years this policy has proved itself. Dealers and consumers readily pay higher prices for produce bearing this label.

Something of a similar nature could be undertaken in many other states and groups of states. With the trend of population to towns, the general farmer's local markets are increasing everywhere. But to take the fullest advantage of them calls for co-operation between the farmers themselves and the backing of the state authorities.

TEACHING BEAUTY IN THE SCHOOL

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior, points out that if we are ever going to rid America of blotches on the landscape in the shape of billboards, junkpiles, ugly roadside buildings, unattractive filling stations and dirty and disreputable approaches to towns and cities, the movement must begin in the schools.

Dr. Wilbur is right. The schoolhouse itself should be the most beautiful building in its community, inside and out. Its grounds should be the most attractive and the best kept. An important part of school training should be in such intelligent appreciation of beauty that children will grow up hating ugliness.

Things like that are more important than much of the stuff with which school courses are filled now. Most of the book learning the average person needs to get along in the world can be compressed into three or four years. The more intelligent pupils realize that and leave school early, to learn about the world and how it is run by working in it.

The local grammar school is, in the estimation of *The Press*, an exemplification of Mr. Wilbur's idea; the Campbell high school, on the other hand, leaves much to be striven for.

ADVERTISING THE MODEST VIOLET

The huge billboard that shouts the superiority of Biffin's Breakfast Biscuit has a stiff competitor along the highways these days in the person of that voiceless spokesman in decorated plaster known as the advertising statue. Whether the figure on the pedestal is a comely young lady, an urchin, a housewife, or an artisan, this new form of pictorial salesmanship challenges the attention of the roving passer-by, and doubtless arouses some demand for goods thus graphically recommended.

But why should big business claim all the novel ideas to extend its markets? Ah, that's the question. Some folks are wondering why this flair for dramatic roadside emblems may not be turned to the advantage of institutions that have too long imitated the practices of the modest violet.

If Biffin's Biscuit requires a plaster champion caught in a dramatic posture, why not employ the same ingenuity in advertising the American college, urge these progressive promoters of publicity. For instance, if the idea is allowed full rein, it would probably mean erecting a concrete pedestal near the campus gate, and upon it placing the sturdy figure of the season's gridiron hero, his sweater emblazoned with the block letter of his alma mater, his cleated and victorious shoe upon a recumbent football. At one side might appear the more convenional figure of an erudite professor in hood and gown; on the other a model of the American father extending an open pocketbook. The central figure may be taken down at the close of every football season and the newest concrete celebrity substituted, so that there need be no doubt as to why the college is famous.

Of course, nothing like this will be done, and one is glad that in this clamorous age of advertisment there is still abundant room for a few institutions and enterprises that need no persuasive salesmanship to justify their existence.

—Christian Science Monitor.

FARMING AND INDUSTRY

What hard-surfaced roads and motor transportation mean to the farmer is illustrated in the report on wheat growing in Ohio by Charles M. Fritz, grain exchange supervisor of the United States government. Mr. Fitz points out that the longest haul from field to elevator is eight miles. That round trip was a day's journey for a loaded horse-drawn team, carrying from 50 to 100 bushels over the old dirt roads. Now motor trucks make it over concrete highways in two to three hours, carrying 85 to 150 bushels at a load and without having to wait for the road to dry out.

Farming, at least in the staple crops, is becoming more and more a business and less a mode of living, as President Hoover once put it. Henry Ford maintains that all of the farming operations necessary for the production of any of the great staple crops can be done in 60 days working time each year, with proper mechanical equipment and transportation facilities. On his own 5,000 acre farm in Michigan he has pretty well demonstrated the truth of that.

With the extension of electric service into smaller and smaller communities manufacturing industries are spreading over the country, so that the time may come when nobody who wants to work in industry will have more than a dozen miles to travel between farm and factory. When that time comes farmers will specialize on single crops adapted to their localities and individual tastes, and work in town a good part of the year. Co-operative marketing organizations will attend to the shipping and selling, perhaps also the harvesting of crops. The American farmer, already the most independent of men, will be still farther removed from the Europeon peasant hopelessly tied to the soil.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—Now that Xmas is over and we have refrained from reminding you that there are so many days until next Xmas, we would like to call your attention to the fact that Wednesday is the day for you to drag out your resolutions.

* * * *

REVIEW OF 1929

The following review of 1929 is printed only in this colyum. The list is of great events includes only those of real importance. The inauguration of Herbert Hoover and clearing of Aimee's name not being mentioned.

Jan. 4—Doc Anderson's Christmas cigar lighter worked for the first time.

Feb. 17—The sassiety editor's little lamb, given her to keep, followed her around until it died from loss of sleep.

Mar. 15—Joe Bennett figured that if all the back seat drivers were laid end to end, it would be better for the front seat drivers.

April 10—Patron at the local chop house found a pearl in his oyster stew.

July 6—Broad street flapper walked home from a ride.

Sept. 8—Woman motorist signalled correctly before turning Campbell avenue.

Dec. 22—Local landlord lowered the rent.

* * * *

THAT AINT SO GOOD BUT IT TOOK UP A LOT OF SPACE.

* * * *

Doakes McBathwater, who has just returned from a Christmas visit with his rich uncle, penned this one:

Listen children, and you can hear
Father quarreling with mother dear.
How piteously father cries;
He pleads and sobs and tears his hair
'Cause mother insists that he shall wear
One of his Christmas ties.

* * * *

The family will not argue with you if you decide on GOODYEARS. In fact, now is a good time to resolve to not only buy your tires from us, but also your gasoline and oils; and remember, our greasing service is second to none.

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Miss Imo Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Oldrich Kalas, Mrs. J. F. Randolph, the Jan Kalas family of San Jose, and Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lee and son of Berkeley were guests at the L. J. Carboni home during the afternoon and evening of Christmas day.

—c—

Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Clendenning included their son Lloyd of Santa Monica, Mrs. Laura Bennett and Miss Eleanore Thomas, both of San Jose, and Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Mangrum of San Francisco.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ray and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scott, all of Oakland, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Don McQueen.

Senior Endeavorers Stage Scenes From Dickens Sunday Eve

Several of the senior Endeavorers staged a group of scenes from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" at the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Miss Elsie Swanson made the selections and arranged the brief readings which carried along the continuity and gave the necessary background. The scenes depicted were Scrooge's office the day before Christmas; the visit of Marley's ghost to Scrooge's room; the Christmas party at his nephew's home, and Christmas morning when Scrooge awoke.

Miss Swanson was very successful in her work and those who participated were equally skillful in portrayingthe characters and making clear the lesson of the story.

Miss Laura Blaine, teacher at Gilroy, and Miss Margaret Blaine, teacher at Tracy, are home visiting over the holidays with their parents, Judge and Mrs. J. D. Blaine. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jamison and daughter of Berkeley were also present at the Blaine home Christmas day.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Curry entertained at a family dinner Christmas day, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cline, Keith and Sherlie Cline, Chester Alsford, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Johnson and daughter Alice of Oakland, Mrs. Mrs. Helen Dodge of Twin Lakes, Mr.and Mrs. R. L. Dodge and son Bobby of Laurel and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Vaughn of Campbell.

—c—

Guests at the Calvin Bohnett home Christmas day were Enos Bohnett of Aromas, Mrs. E. A. Powers and son of Coalinga and Miss Clara Powers of Rio Vista.

—c—

Mrs. Mary Lamphear and Miss Sadie Maxon spent a few days in Oakland with their sister, Mrs. Walter Stanford.

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Happy New Year!

— INSURE WITH HYDE —

Ralph H. Hyde

— LAY WORRY ASIDE —

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

TENTH INSTALMENT

She told herself that her desire to be back on the bridge was due to her desire for fair play, to her reluctance to leave any excitement behind her. But even as she told herself these things, she realized that she was not admitting the whole truth. Certain shy thoughts intruded . . . How magnificent Tim had been!

How utterly devoid of fear he was! . . . She was awake when he returned, somewhat after dawn, to the house, and she descended quietly to the patio, lest the servants be awakened, to greet him.

He was haggard, mud-stained, a stubble of beard was on his chin, but his spirits were gay. He grinned at her.

"If you'd do all this for a man you hate—Lord! what you would be capable of doing for a man you loved, Lucy!" he said to her.

She felt herself blush.

"I like fair play," she said.

"Oh, I know. Don't be worried. I'll not bother you. Gosh, but I'm hungry."

"Sit down," she said.

He eyed her curiously, but dropped into a chair. She went to the kitchen and turned on the electric stove; she back in just ten minutes, bearing a tray on which was steaming coffee and a plate of scrambled eggs.

"But you dont get it unless you tell me everything that happened," she warned.

"Oh, you saw all the excitement!" he laughed. "Leaming arrived at five o'clock this morning. He'd brought court officers with them; he presented an order restraining any one from entering upon my property until my title was adjudicated. I think the old boy exceeded his powers a bit, but it doesn't matter, because Clary and I came to an understanding. Clary's a rotten winner, I'd guess, but he knows how to lose. Offered to buy me out at my price. I told him I was here to stay; so he offered to effect a combination of his holdings with mine, my crowd to have the majority stock, and we shook hands on it.

"The only man that wasn't satisfied was the marshall. I thought he was a sheriff, but he was smaller fry than that. Yes, Maddox was pretty sore at what I'd said, and the men I'd slugged were angry, so I'm under arrest, but out on bail, and I'm to be tried this afternoon. I'd plead guilty and pay a fine; only, this Maddox chap got my goat, and he out to be removed from his two-penny office, so I'll go to court. And that's that."

Tim was up and out of the house, when at lunch time she awoke and dressed. She was surprised at his absence, and vaguely hurt.

Luncheon seemed strangely lonely. She wondered if Tim were with Fergus Faunce, and tried to imagine what had brought these two together in amity. She couldn't guess. Restlessness possessed her.

And finally she swallowed her pride. She telephoned the courthouse and learned that Tim's trial was set for two o'clock. She drove over to West Palm Beach, parked her car, entered the courthouse, was directed to the proper room, and joined the crowd that thronged in the corridor outside it.

She could make no headway through the crowd until she bethought herself to state, to an attendant, her name. Then way was made for her, and she found herself in the courtroom. Her husband saw her, whispered to a lawyer, and that worthy immediately came to her side and led her to a seat beside Tim.

Stevens seemed a bit worried.

"My lawyers have been telling me that a conviction, trifling as it is, won't help me with investors. It's not terribly important, but—would you mind testifying in my behalf?"

"Why—of course not," she replied.

The judge opened proceedings. Maddox, called and sworn, testified that he, acting upon the request of Clement Clary, who had told him he had reason to believe that violence would be offered his peaceful gang of laborers by the defendant, had, with a half a dozen deputies, gone to Seminole creek. There two of his deputies had been assaulted by the defendant, Timothy Stevens, who had later threatened Maddox with a revolver. He had put Stevens under arrest, but the defendant had resisted arrest.

Two of his deputy marshalls were called and corroborated his testimony. Then Stevens took the stand. Duly sworn, he began his story.

"Maddox may tell the truth, your Honor, when he says that Clary stated he expected trouble. The truth of the matter is that I never dreamed of such action until my wife came to me at Mango Key, several miles from the bridge over Seminole creek, and informed me that she had learned of the proposed assault upon my property rights. Naturally,it being a matter of vital importance that the bridges be left standing, I, with my wife and Dr. Fergus Faunce, went by boat to the bridge in question.

"I threw a couple of men off the bridge, and challenged Maddox and his gang to take me.He said that he was an officer of the law—I think that he called himself sheriff, which was an untrue statement—but I felt that he was not enforcing justice and refused to yield to arrest. The man is truthful enough, so far as he goes, your Honor, but he doesnt go far enough. I do not believe he was bribed by Mr. Clary, but I have reason to believe that he owns certain acreage adjoining what was, until this morning, the Clary properties, and believed that the value of his holdings would be enchanced by the destruction of my bridges. You might ask him, your Honor, if my surmise is correct."

Maddox admitted the truth of the surmise, reluctantly. The man was stubborn; Clary had tried to call him off, and now he began to regret his stubborness. He regretted it still more when Lucy took the stand. For she not only corroborated her husband's testimony but remarked that 20 men had shown an exceeding reluctance to attack two, which statement brought a laugh from the crowded courtroom.

That ended the rather flat proceedings; the judge reprimanded Maddox for too zealous conduct and discharged Stevens.

Through the press Tim guided his wife; the pressure of his hands—which were big enough to enclose her biceps—was strangely pleasant upon her flesh. She was seeing, she thought, a new Tim, a Tim that had never existed in the days when she had mocked him, derided him.

"Much obliged, Lucy," he said, as they gained the street.

He bowed, turned on his heel, and left her. She entered hor coupe and drove slowly across the toll-bridge to Palm Beach. At Bradley's she turned into the courtyard, parked her car, and entered the Casino.

Gambling seemed indicated. She wanted something to restore that wild uncertainty of racing blood that had been hers last night when she started from the Everglades club; that had been hers half an hour ago in the street before the courthouse.

As she approached the roulette room she saw young Leeson. With him was Elsie Darragh, a dimpling smiling, joy-radiating Elsie. She seized Lucy by the hands.

"You're the first to know," she breathed. "Just now I reached for some chips and my hand touched Jim's, and, with the croupier looking on, my dear, he might have heard him!—he asked me to marry him."

Lucy kissed the girl. She held out her hand to Leeson. That young man was blushing, but his eyes were cold. She could read his thoughts. They said, "You played with me, found out what you wanted to know, used me, betrayed me. I'm afraid of you; you're not my kind, I need something tamer, I've got it."

She played, unhappily,for half an hour. Why should other people be happy and she unhappy? For Leeson would be happy, despite the thoughts which she had read. He would forget the memory of Lucy in the reality of Elsie . . Heigh-ho!

"The Breakers is on fire," she heard the croupier say. "Your luck's bad, anyway. Better not buy more chips, Mrs. Stevens. Look at the fire."

As she came abreast of the bathing casino, she gasped in sheer delighted amazement. For the flames were shooting up into the air, seemingly hundreds of feet, illuminating the whole vast building. Vesuvius in eruption could hardly be more beautiful, more awe-inspiring.

No one cried, no one seemed sad. That was the marvelous thing about the catastrophe. In few other places in the world could people have faced disaster so philosophically. But these were of the nation's wealthiest. Their losses would not be crippling. Even the hotel company would lose nothing. It could sell the land on which the Breakers stood for ten times the original cost of land and buildings combined.

The sun, setting over Lake Worth, suddenly shown through the flames, a burnished, angry, orange disk. The throngs upon the beach gasped in sheer delight at the spectacle. She found herself suddenly in the midst of a group of friends. Mrs. Copper Clary was among them.

"Aren't you proud of Tim?" the plump matron asked.

"He seems to be a good business man," she rejoined.

"Business? I'm not thinking of business! look at him, my dear!" cried Mrs. Clary.

"Look at him?Where is he?" asked Lucy.

"He's been everywhere; just now he's on that roof—see?"

Lucy looked. Upon the cottage adjoining the north wing of the Breakerscrouched men; white cloths, doubtless water-soaked, covered their heads; they played streams of water upon this building to whose roof they clung. They fought the fire as one might fight the living assault of savages.

She had advenced nearer now; she could pick him out of the others on the roof, by his cat-like agility as he moved about. Oh, my God! why didn't he come down? What right had he to risk himself there? He was married, and there were plenty of younger men to take chances. Some one had climbed one of the ladders, was beside Tim, was speaking to him. It looked, from the way he held his face close to Tim ,as if he were whispering, but Lucy correctly guessed that he was screaming at the top of his lungs. In no other way could he be heard above the roar of the flames.

She bumped into Leeson and Elsie Darragh. The girl was flushed with excitement, and Leeson was hardly less aroused. He showed a magnanimity of which she had not believed him capable. (Though why should she have judged him harshly?)

"Congratulations on having a man for a husband, Mrs. Stevens," he said.

(Continued Next Week)

Mrs. May Beardsley spent the recent holiday with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rake of San Jose.

Miss Evelyn Voge, teacher of Glenburn, is home over the holidays, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lillian Voge.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Antrim and family of Fresno and Mr .and Mrs. Ben Rodeck and daughter of Gilroy spent Tuesday and Wednesday with their mother, Mrs. Lena Rodeck, and sister, Miss Mary Rodeck.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hubbell, Mrs. Effie Hubbell, Miss A. E. Denton, Clifford Denton and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hubbell and son of San Francisco spent Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Denton in Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson and family spent Christmas with Mr. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Anderson of San Francisco.

Mrs. M. E. Davis and son spent Christmas day with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Dwight Van Arsdell, and family.

Mrs. Anna Sawyer spent Christmas and the week-end with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sawyer of Oakdale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morgan and son Mickey were the guests Christmas of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hansen and son of San Jose. After a very delightful dinner they drove to Palo Alto to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Carey.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams of Los Banos and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Reynolds and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Frazee and Mrs. A. N. Sanborn, all of Oakland, were guests at the M. S. Keesling home Christmas day.

Mrs. L. F. Shaw spent Christmas in Willow Glen with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Fleming.

Mrs. Everette Kenyon of Oakland was a guestat the Horace Person home Christmas.

Mrs. J. B. Strong will make or re-make your dresses at her home. 75 Harrison Ave. Phone 71-W.
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HEMSTITCHING
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Campbell

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Byrnes of Berkeley spent Christmas day with Mr. Byrnes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Byrnes of First street.

Dr. and Mrs. W. I. Merrill entertained Mrs. Amelia Merrill and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander at Christmas dinner.

Beautiful Young Victims of Movie Studio Fire

Among the ten who lost their lives when the Pathe Talking Picture Studio in New York caught fire were these two beautiful girls. Catherine Porter (left) was only sixteen. Edna Burford, known on the stage as Virginia May, was nineteen. They were taking part in a picture which was being filmed when the flimsy scenery caught fire.

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HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By

JOHN CLARENCE FUNK
A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education, State of Pennsylvania.

Fly, Fly Away!

FLYING is justly popular these days. The public is intensely interested in the remarkable strides that are almost daily being made in this connection. Would that the public were even a little bit interested in flies!

However, it is the sad, old story of familiarity breeding contempt. Flies we have had with us always. True, noticeable progress has been made against this universal enemy of man. For instance, older people have but to recall the "good old days" when the fly brush was a necessary adjunct to the rural dining table.

Nevertheless, 40,000 lives annually lost to the death dealing power of this ever present, warm weather insect, is sufficiently serious to justify a discussion concerning it. And that is exactly the number of lives of infants and older people which the fly, in its unrestrained bloodthirstiness, slaughtered last year, mainly by causing infantile diarrhea and spreading tuberculosis.

In cities much headway has been gained against this disease breeder. Screens, the development of a sanitary consciousness, the swat-the-fly campaigns and spraying lotions have noticeably curbed the fly's dastardliness. Even so, one has but to step out of doors in the populated districts fully to realize that the fly is yet with us.

Filth in general, and exposed garbage in particular, represent the fly's most popular congregating and breeding spots. There is no excuse whatever for people to permit the existence of these conditions, regardless of locality. Moreover, concrete floors in stables and fly proof manure pits will decidedly minimize the fly menace on the farm.

Kill flies, destroy their breeding conditions and save an army of people annually. A worthwhile objective, isn't it? Very well then, do your part. Fly, fly away!

Hurrah for the Fourth!

THE common sense of the American people has been responsible for a reduction in Fourth of July fatalities. Municipalities have passed, and successfully enforced, ordinances against the sale of so-styled toy cannon, giant crackers and other powder devices which lend themselves to accidents when carelessly handled.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that each year many children's names appear in the casualty or fatality lists the morning after the nation's birthday. And for this sad state of affairs the parents, rather than the youngsters, are to blame.

Grownups persist in purchasing accident and death-dealing articles at bootleg stands outside the city limits under a misguided notion that in so doing they are displaying both love of country and love of child. Whereas, they are in fact only generating unwarranted risk for their offspring.

Certainly, patriotism is one of the finest characteristics to be found in man. But it is a poor brand of patriotism indeed that permits boys and girls to express it in a manner which leads to a hospital or to an undertaker's establishment.

Everyone should realize that tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, is always around the corner where toy cannon, high-explosive crackers and the blank cartridge pistol are concerned. Also, that their maiming and mangling power presents a real hazard. Therefore, the safety-first principle that should be applied in celebrating the Fourth precludes the use of such dangerous things, not only on the part of the young but by the older ones also.

Celebrate this great historical event with a wisely guided enthusiasm. But don't turn the day into one of tears. Hurrah, but hurrah properly for the Fourth!

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Put Duty First

After having won great victories for Britain in the East and other campaigns the duke of Wellington was given command of a force intended to operate in Spain. The duke was informed by one who was supposed to know that it was intended to have Sir Hugh Dalrymple supersede him as soon as he arrived. His friends begged him not to accept an inferior command after having such high command in the India war. Sir Arthur replied: "I have eaten of the king's salt, and I will serve his majesty in whatever situation he may be pleased to place me, be it supreme or inferior."

The duke was retained in command, though the declamation probably had nothing to do with it, and added new glories to his military career.—Detroit News.

Let Us Be Pruned

As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems and grows at last weak and fruitless, so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—Hall.

The Pants She Panted For

The will has just been proved of a man living in a southwest suburb of London who died last November, in which he left to his wife: "One pair of my trousers, free of duty, and carriage paid, as a symbol of what she wanted to wear in my lifetime, but did not."—English Paper.

YOUTHFUL ONE-PIECE FROCK

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

ONE among many evidences that both daytime and evening modes reflect the Spanish influence, is the bolero. Those cunning little jacket effects appear in endless versions and if the bolero is not designed as a separate piece then more than likely trimming is arranged to simulate it.

If there is one thing more likable about the bolero than another, it is its youthfulness. In the picture the stylist successfully poses a bolero over a one-piece frock. The thought comes that this idea might be put into practical working by the woman who has in her wardrobe a "perfectly good" sleeveless one-piece dress which she would like to tune to midwinter wear. Why not modernize it with a jaunty little bolero fashioned somewhat after the manner of the one pictured? In the instance of the bolero ensemble shown here the material is black silk flat crepe. There is a touch of white georgette in the square neck of the dress with persian lamb edging the bolero—a combination that might have been designed for mourning, so somber is it in its smartness. But that is the way of many a Paris costume this year, if it is not all black then it is almost sure to be black-and-white.

The hat which tops this costume is a very chic little model, and please to observe, if you are looking for outstanding style touches, that it has a nose-veil, for veils are being worn by the majority of smartly dressed Parisiennes. Furthermore this hat has a brim, and we are going to see more and more of brims as the season advances. A single white gardenia on the underside of this shapely brim emphasizes the black-and-white theme most becomingly.

Speaking of the bolero it is also popularly worn with a matching skirt and a contrast blouse.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Flowers Were for Jean

The Weekly Short Story—By DUFORD JENNA

JEAN quailed inwardly as she saw Meda's dark, cynical eyes swing down the dining room table. The girls had been discussing old maids, and the comments had already been a bit personal.

"For the president of the Old Maids' club I nominate Jean. Can't you just see her some day being called 'Auntie,' putting on her woolen underwear on a certain day, no matter what the temperature is?"

The laughter cut into Meda's speech. Jean quivered to the center of her shy little soul, and for the first time she turned on the girl who seemed to get pleasure, from the day of her coming, in "kidding" her in a way that hurt even as it made fun for the others.

"Perhaps you don't know the whole story, Meda!" she said quickly.

"Oh, I see! I smell a mystery—the boy back home, eh? Tell us about him!" Meda's soft, insinuating voice ran on.

Jean fled from the table to the refuge of her room where she sat on the edge of her bed in stricken silence. The word "home" had been the key that unlocked a rush of memories of the little village that she had left. Through the memories filling her mind was mixed in a little cry—"Oh, why did I say that to Meda?"

A knock on the door interrupted her thoughts, and Alice Lane came in. She put her arms around Jean.

"Don't you let Meda bother you, youngster," she said smiling. "Meda really envies you, I think your gentleness and shyness; and I don't think she really means to hurt you."

"But I can't help resenting it, Alice," Jean said with a half sob.

"I know, but you just show a little more spunk, and I will help you out," Alice advised.

Jean nodded, but the scheme did not appeal to her—to "talk back" to the sharp-tongued Meda called for ability that Jean did not possess.

No other idea came to help her until the following afternoon, she turned from her way home from work to a flower shop.

A young man with pleasant eyes came to wait upon her. She gave her order—a box of flowers, and she asked him to send them to the address she gave—her own. As he took the order he chatted with her, and her shy girl's soul unfolded like a blossom under his kindness. Seeing her interest, he took her about the shop, and she went with heart and eyes alight.

That evening the flowers came. They filled her common little room with fragrance. Jean hid her face among them, and as flowers always did, they quieted her mind.

Alice discovered her with them. The girls came in, Meda among them.

Meda stared at them, then whirled on Jean.

"Oho, so it wasn't a bluff after all, eh? Girls, what do you know about that? Her boy friend sent them! And they are lovely!" Meda acknowledged.

The idea had certainly worked as Jean discovered. But as the next week came and the next, and the flowers took every spare penny she had, she realized that her idea had not been thought out to the end. She must stop buying them, and what would happen then?

She left no order, one week; no flowers came as they had before, and Meda immediately discovered the fact.

"What's the matter with your boy friend, Jean? Or were you sending them to yourself? We never saw this boy friend of yours!" the keen-eyed girl suggested.

The color flamed to Jean's brow as Meda looked at her. "Ha, I believe that's it, you—"

The hall bell rang, and the maid brought up a box. Opened, by eager hands, Jean saw before her a box of far more costly flowers than she had ever bought, and these she had not purchased.

Amid the exclamations of the girls, one voice suggested sourly: "Meda, you go soak your head. It's about time you let up on Jean. Nobody thinks enough of you to send you flowers like these!"

Meda, for once, was dumb. Jean gave each girl one of the lovely blooms, including Meda. Meda took it, her face softening.

After they had gone, Jean stared at the box. It was from the same shop. A mistake must have been made.

The next day she stopped. She had learned the name of the clerk who waited on her, and she went to him. His eyes lighted as he saw her and softened as she told him of the mistake.

"No, Miss Hudson," he said quietly. "I sent them because—well—" His voice changed in tone—"Honestly, I wish we could be friends. You love flowers, so do I—that's enough to introduce us. You don't like the city; neither do I. Why not go to a play tonight with me—and—well—" he paused, his eager words tripping on each other.

The color tinted her cheeks. "Oh, I would love to," she said, feeling as if she just breathed the words.

That evening was Jean's triumph. First he came, and the girls met him; then Meda stared at her and said—"Jean, you look lovely." And there was the gorgeously happy evening with him, and the good-by at her door that held promise of other good-bys and a time when no good-bys need be said.

(Copyright.)

FURS LUXURIOUS AND NOVEL

IT DOES not seem as if one iota more of luxury and beauty and unusualness could be added to furs as stylists exploit them this season. This applies not only to the all-fur coat but to fur in its every conceivable adaptation to the mode.

Time was when fur manipulation was supposed to have its limitations. Because fur was fur little was expected of it beyond the uniform and the conventional. However, our ideas have been revolutionized. It is very evident that nowadays designers are working along the theory that whatever can be accomplished with fabric can be accomplished with fur. And so the artist-furrier is turning out most marvelous style creations which intrigue with their cunning "dressmaker touches" and otherwise elaborate and unique treatments.

As an example of fascinating fur intricacies consider the charming ermine trimmed ensemble to the right in the picture. This effective costume for afternoon wear is a Worth creation. The graceful collar, the widened cuffs, the flare of fur plus a perky bow on the wee chapeau all bespeak the new trend which demands of fur all those vagaries and vanities which belong to modern stylizing.

Fur luxury is bespoken in every detail of the magnificent fur-collared beige caracul coat which lovely Mary Nolan of screen fame wore when she posed for the photograph which is reproduced in our illustration. One can readily imagine what oh's and ah's and glances of admiration and perhaps of envy Miss Nolan's appearance in these gorgeous furs must have called forth from her sister co-stars in filmland. For where is the woman who does not covet either a caracul, a leopard, perhaps a raccoon coat, or some other equally as alluring type, one of the modish white ermine wraps for evening, perhaps. It is interesting to know that the hat worn with this coat is crocheted of biege angora yarn, and it has a matched-satin facing.

It will be observed that the two contestants for style supremacy, as shown in this picture, approach the fur theme from entirely different angles, that of the coat all of fur versus fur used in a trimming way. However, as far as luxury, comparing beauty and chic, also masterful craftsmanship is concerned they are the same thing.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Naughty Gnome

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"The Gnome," said Witty Witch, "was very naughty. Oh, this was ages and ages ago.

"He teased creatures smaller than himself, and of course that is one of the meanest things in the world.

"Anyone is a big coward who does that.

"Then he would say things that hurt people's feelings and he would get angry over nothing at all.

"He got so mean that no one ever knew when he was going to suddenly get "mad" at them for something or other.

"In school he would love his slate, because he could keep rubbing it off.

"One day he said, 'I think slates are the nicest things in the world. Anything we write or draw on them we can rub right out again.

"'I guess I'll be like a slate myself. I'll do what I please and then I'll rub it out.'

"Of course he didn't quite know how he was to do that. Rubbing out chalk marks on his slate he found to be quite a different matter from rubbing out mean actions.

"Still he said to himself that he would never do the same naughty thing again, and that was just about the same thing as rubbing them out.

"He always pretended in school that he knew the answer to every question.

"Then when Professor Gnome would ask what he had written, he would say:

"'Oh, I'm sorry, Professor, but I didn't know you wanted me to keep the answer on my slate. I rubbed it out.'

"Then, he thought he had shown he knew something by writing on his slate—even though he did not write the answer at all, but simply something quite absurd.

"One day he was very tired. He had been playing hard and he had knocked down a creature smaller than himself, but he didn't think that really mattered.

"Suddenly before his eyes he saw Professor Gnome, only he looked much larger than he had in school.

"He was carrying a big slate.

"'This is the slate which cannot be rubbed off by your sponge, little gnome,' he said. 'I have the magic rubber for it, but you will not be able to rub anything off.

"'Every time you are mean and tease and get "mad" and "offended"

Slates Are the Nicest Things.

and hurt your friends and pretend to know what you don't it will go down on this slate and you will not be able to rub it off.'

"This and much else Professor Gnome said to him, and then he left the slate by his side.

"The little gnome awoke and found it had been a dream, but it seemed so terrible to him that every mean thing would be written down on the slate that he wasn't mean as he had been.

"It took time for him to change, but gradually he did change, and how much more fun it was when he wasn't doing mean things and getting 'mad' and getting 'offended' and hurting people's feelings.

"He was much, much more popular than ever before—oh now, he was really and truly liked."

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Alarm Clock for Parkers

Merchants in a western town evade summons for violating 90-minute parking privilege, by the following ruse: An alarm clock placed in the parked car, is set to give warning when the time expires, then the merchant rushes out, removes car to another stall and resets alarm.—Utility News.

The Right Side

If there are two sides to every story take a glance at the outside, but get the inside, if you can.—Los Angeles Times.

"Puncheon" and "Slab"

A puncheon is a split log or heavy slab with the face smoothed. A slab is the outside piece, with or without the bark, taken from a log. In the days when floors were made of puncheons, in some localities only inside pieces were designated with this name.

Onion Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

THE ubiquitous onion is always in season, always inexpensive, always healthful. When eaten raw they are rich in vitamines and uncooked retain much of their vitamine content. In families where there are children onions should be served at least twice a week. When cooking them add a quarter teaspoonful of sugar—it helps to bring out delicious flavors.

For a Sunday night luncheon, roasted onions and potatoes in the fireplace will be a meal enjoyed by the whole family. Butter both vegetables very generously when serving them.

Parsley aids digestion, prevents dyspepsia when eaten with a too hearty meal. A sprig eaten after raw onions will absorb the offensive odor from the breath

Glazed Onions.—Peel medium-sized onions and prick them through the centers to keep them from breaking while cooking. Place in boiling salted water to which a teaspoonful of sugar has been added. Simmer until tender, drain and season with plenty of butter, adding a teaspoonful of sugar; cook over slow heat until they are well glazed.

Onions Baked With Tomatoes.—Strain one quart of tomatoes and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of flour, all well mixed. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper. Cut six or eight onions into halves and put them in a baking dish. Pour the tomato sauce over the onions and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Scalloped Onions.—Peel and quarter even sized onions enough to serve the family. Paraboil until half done, then place in a baking dish with a layer of rich white sauce, sprinkled with a thick layer of minced cheese and cover with another layer of onions. Finish with the white sauce sprinkled well with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown and serve from the covered baking dish.

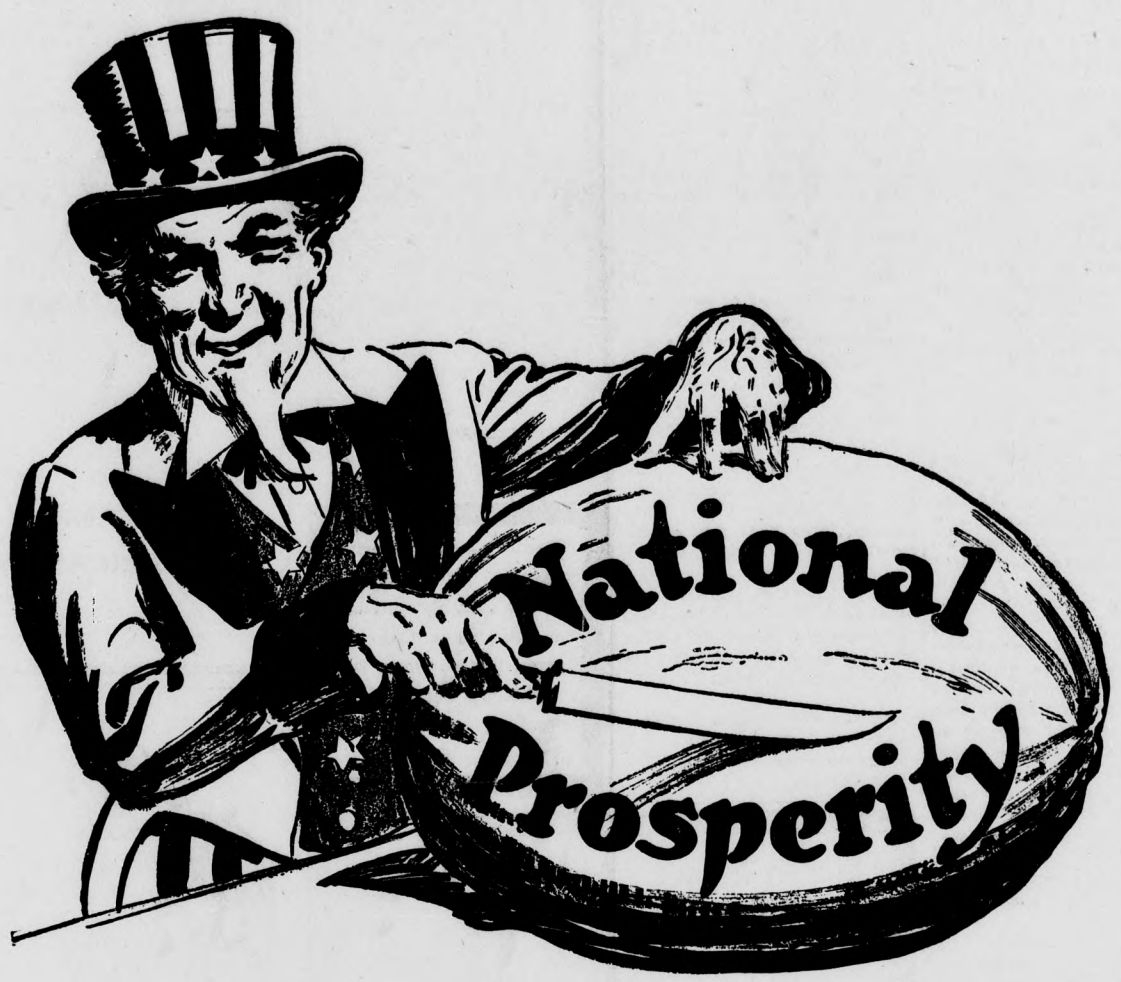
(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

SUCH IS LIFE—Why, of Course!

By Charles Sughroe

WELL, I HOPE TO CHOKE IF JUNIOR ISNT GIVING A NEAT PASTING TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD BULLY! HOT DOG!
HM! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO HIT THAT BOY WHEN HE WAS DOWN?
NO, SIR.
PUFF
PUFF
WAT D'YOU SPOSE I GOT HIM DOWN FOR?

Sharing National Prosperity



HOW often we hear some one talk of "the good old days." Through the mist of the passing years, some people believe they see a rainbow with its pot of gold, that everyone shared in the "good old days." This picture is false—this imagined prosperity of the past is a myth.

The Good Old Days were never half as prosperous as the Present Days.

Today the average person is almost twice as well off as he was only a half dozen years ago. Prices are less now than they were then. Incomes are greater by a third. The average person, working—gainfully occupied—has an income of $2,000, while his predecessor of less than twenty years ago enjoyed less than half such an income.

We are a prosperous people in a prosperous country. Individual and family prosperity is evidenced by:

1. The increasing number of home owners.
2. Almost one auto to every family.
3. A radio in nearly every home.
4. Better household furnishings and equipment.
5. Crowded theaters, roads and amusement places.
6. More leisure for the worker because of shorter hours.
7. More students in schools and colleges.
8. Improved health and vital conditions in town and country.
9. Rapid growth of savings accounts.
10. Increase in insurance policies.
11. Increasing donations to charities and benevolences.

National prosperity guarantees that general conditions are sound. It signifies that exceptional opportunities are open to both individuals and communities. It further shows us, in the main, that the majority of towns and cities are prosperous; citizens are prosperous.

In order that all of us may share in this national prosperity, every resident of our community must diligently **make an effort.** The opportunity is ever present—the dice are not loaded—either for the average man or the average community.

It has been said that personal success is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration. Likewise, community prosperity is largely the result of work—three quarters of it is a reward of business activity; only one quarter comes from investment. There is no substitute for work. By it we gain our full share of national prosperity.

With national prosperity increasing rapidly, a real opportunity awaits us as individuals and as a community—let us all take advantage of this opportunity by applying ourselves diligently to our tasks in

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Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

LEGAL NOTICES

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION TO SELL PROPERTY

IT IS HEREBY RESOLVED AND ORDERED by the Board of Trustees of the Campbell Union Grammar School District of the County of Santa Clara, State of California,

That it is the intention of said Board to sell that certain cottage or dwelling house now located in the Northwesterly portion of the school grounds of said Campbell Union Grammar School District situate at the North East corner of Campbell Avenue and the Los Gatos and Santa Clara roads in said county.

That said property will be sold for a minimum price of $450 and the 30th day of December, 1929, at 8 p. m. o'clock of said day is hereby fixed as the time and place for a public meeting of said board at which time sealed proposals to purchase said property will be received and considered, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

Said sale will be for casht, ten per cent to accompany bid, and balance payable upon acceptance of bid and sale of property; building to be removed within 60 days after acceptance of bid.

Passed by the Board of Trustees of the Campbell Union Grammar school district this 4th day of December, 1929.

LLOYD GARDNER,
Clerk.

CAMPBELL BUILDING AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
Stockholders' Meeting

The regular annual meeting of stockholders of Campbell Building and Investment Comnany will be held at the American Trust Company's Bank, Campbell, California, on Wednesday, January 8th, 1930, at 3 P. M., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the coming year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

G. S. ROBSON,
Secretary.

Saw filing, cutlery and lawnmower sharpening and repairing. V. Hook, 62 North Central Ave.

UNION DISTRICT

A very pleasant Christmas was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Emma Main on San Jose-Los Gatos highway. The interior of the house was conventionally decorated with toyon berries and a Christmas tree. An excellent dinner and supper were enjoyed by the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Main, Edne, Barbara and Rettie Main of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Main of San Jose and Emery Main and the hostess, Mrs. Emma Main.

—u—

Ray Shannon tender of the reservoir, is spending a few days in San Francisco.

—u—

Burnett Whitford and his mother spent Christmas at Oroville with their sister and daughters' families.

—u—

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson and baby spent Christmas eve with Mr. Watson's parents on Lark avenue.

—u—

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Schlueter and daughter Bertha had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schlueter of Alameda over the Christmas holiday. A beautiful tree and a gorgeous dinner helped to make it a very merry Christmas.

—u—

A wedding ceremony was solemnized at St. Luke's Episcopal church in Los Gatos Saturday afternoon. The church had been beautifully decorated with Christmas trimming and candles. Miss Laura Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Phillips of Lark avenue became the bride of W. C. Short of Geyserville, The bride's uncle sang very sweetly "Yet I Will Love You Always." He was accompanied on the organ by the groom's sister, who then played the wedding march. The maid of honor, a close friend of the bride, advanced down the aisle and little Jacqueline Phillips came next with the bride. They were met at the alter by the groom and his brother, the Rev. Short, who performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Collins. The bride was very beautiful in an ivory satin gown with a lace veil falling in graceful folds about her. She carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley. The bridesmaid was lovely in a gown of apricot crepe de chene, and little Jacqueline looked like a dainty flower. Later the mother of the bride served a wedding breakfast to the bridal party and relatives at the Lark avenue home. Many beautiful and useful gifts were received by the young people.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Ellen R. Smith has received word from her son, Harold, who went with his family to Portland for Christmas, that their daughter, Grace, is ill with measles, necessitating a prolonged stay.

—c—

George R. Stray came up from Ducor to spend the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stray, and his sister, Helen, who is home from Pomona college for the holidays.

—c—

Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Atkinson, who have lived at Ceres for several years have moved to Sebastopol where Reverend Atkinson has accepted a call to the Congregational church.

—c—

Miss Lucy Vandergon of San Mateo was a guest of Miss Zadie Rice over the week-end. Miss Vandergon made her home here with her parents several years ago and is always a welcome visitor.

—c—

H. E. Lillingston, who came out from Marceline, Mo., to spend Christmas, left Friday on his return journey. He was acompanied by Mrs. Lillingston and little daughter, who had spent several months here with relatives .

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wills, who drove up from Culver City to spend Christmas with Mrs. Wills' mother, Mrs. Hattie Baugh, and family, returned home Thursday.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cutting of Pacific Grove spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cutting.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shirk and son, Hedley Archibald of Modesto, and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Thornton of Burbank were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Spoegle for Christmas and over the week-end.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. King of San Jose, James Knappen of Marysville, and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knappen were guests at the H. C. Smith home for Christmas dinner. The family party included Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Fawcett.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman entertained at a Christmas and wedding anniversary dinner party Dec. 25. Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Critchlow and Mr. and Mrs. George Parso were among the guests.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Page entertained Mrs. O. D. Wilkerson, V. O. Wilkerson and Miss Irene Elliott on Christmas day at their home on Central avenue.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hughes and family spent the Christmas holidays with their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Lott, at Whitmore.

—c—

Harold Maxon is visiting with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Maxon of Myrtle Creek, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Hutton spent the holiday at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Schuyler of Pacific Grove.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coupland and family, and Miss Bobbie and Wilbur Worden of Saratoga spent Christmas day at the W. R. Coupland home on Hamilton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Shepard of Gault and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seagrave of San Francisco were entertained Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page and son Royal.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dunlap spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Dunlap of Watsonville.

Radio owners desiring copies of "Voice of the Air," bimonthly publication, may have them delivered to their door free by phoning Campbell 66, or calling on
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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — **By Terry Gilkison**

MOM TOLD ME I COULD EAT ALL I LIKED AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY - BUT I COULDN'T
SAY - I'D BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS ON CHRISTMAS, FOURTH OF JULY AND EVERY OTHER HOLIDAY IF I'D GET PRESENTS LIKE THIS BICYCLE!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, FOLKS! -AND I HOPE YOU'RE HAVING AS MUCH FUN AS WE ARE NOW!

I WISH CHRISTMAS COME EVERY WEEK
I GOT A PAIR OF SKATES BUT I CAN'T FIND ANY ICE THAT WILL HOLD ME!
CHRISTMAS EVE DAD SAID THAT HE THOUGHT I COULD STAY UP LONGER THAN LINDY!

Pinky Dinky
JINGLES
?
FROM RUTH RAYMOND, OPPORTUNITY, WASH
LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER
EATING A CHERRY PIE
HE PULLED OUT A TOOTH AND ANOTHER "ITH LOOTH"
OH, WHAT A GOOD BOY AM I -